

## The Evening World.

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## ONLY OLD KNICKERBOCKER.

WHEN J. P. Morgan & Co. were prodding the city and the Interborough to settle the subway contracts, the banking house wrote plainly to President Shonts:

Unless we hear from you within the next few days that the contract with the city has been closed we shall be compelled to cancel the agreement set forth in the letters referred to.

That agreement included the payment to the Morgan house of \$2,300,000 interest charges on the loan of \$170,000,000 made to the Interborough by J. P. Morgan & Co.

Besides this there is so far known to have been "in it" for the Morgan firm and its associates a \$500,000 bonus for services in floating Interborough bonds; also a yearly benefit to the banking house and its customers of nearly \$2,000,000 accruing from the difference between the 2 1/2 per cent. interest it pays on Interborough cash it holds and the 3 per cent. return enjoyed from Interborough bonds it sells.

Guaranteeing these substantial rewards for services rendered were the wealth and credit of a metropolis of 3,000,000 people.

The biggest party to the deal, however, inspired no more respect than did the Interborough in J. P. Morgan & Co. For them he was merely old Knickerbocker, to be pushed and bullied until he set his name down.

The President doesn't throw his hat into the ring. The Ohio primaries merely lift it off his head and gently drop it there.

## NEWSBOYS' RIGHTS.

THE right of a newsboy to sell papers on the street may not deeply involve the fortunes of the country, but this city is glad to see it upheld.

Judge Mulqueen in Special Sessions made short work of the decision of a City Magistrate who fined a newsboy \$25 with an alternative of fifteen days in jail for selling papers on the sidewalk at Thirty-second Street and Broadway near a newsstand which the boy himself had formerly owned. The stand is alongside the railing around the Greeley statue, on ground which the Park Department controls. The former stand owner was ousted because somebody else outbid him for the privilege. He then took his newspapers under his arm and sold to his old customers from the sidewalk nearby. Whereupon the new stand owner complained that his privileges were being invaded. Representatives of the Park Department twice haled the boy before Magistrate Murphy, who promptly discharged him. But on his third arrest he was taken before Magistrate House, who imposed the fine.

Judge Mulqueen, deciding the case on appeal, sharply overruled the Magistrate.

The issue is the right of this newsboy to sell papers on that street and on all the streets of the city without a license, and I find that right is clear and absolute. The learned Magistrate was clearly in error both in failing to respect the decision of Magistrate Murphy and in his disposition of the case.

The freedom of the city streets, the fact that Mayor and Aldermen only hold them in trust for the public, cannot be too thoroughly established. The Park Department has no right to meddle. As Judge Mulqueen observes, "the beneficiaries of the trust were the people of the city, who had a vested right to use these thoroughfares as streets."

In such use the newsboy has every bit as good a claim to be protected as has the millionaire.

Mr. McAneny was re-elected to journalism. Now City Chamberlain Bruere is to carry his executive ability into business. Municipal offices seem to be too tight a fit for growing men.

## AN UNUSUAL WOMAN.

HOW many people are there in this city with incomes of \$300 a year who would refuse a legacy of \$40,000 because they despised the methods by which the money was made?

Miss Edith Kitching of Greenwich Village becomes, through no desire of her own, an object of wonder or admiration, as the case may be. Though she lives in a half bedroom, furnished with little save books, she waves aside \$40,000 left her by an uncle who grew rich on mortgages that squeezed high interest charges out of the poor.

Impartial? Miss Kitching leaves no case for those who call her so. "Nothing in the world," she declares, "is so practical as a moral ideal. My uncle made a cowardly arrangement. He died with all the worst things on his conscience. His intellect was keen, but his nature was so ugly that no man could bear his company and only a few women. I never saw a man more ashamed of what he had done."

The picture is stark. But Miss Kitching is neither bitter nor a pessimist. "All the best things in life," she says, "can be had without money and none of them can be obtained with it. The only three things in the universe that have any intrinsic value are intelligence, love and will. To acquire these I have all the money I need."

Here is courage, consistency, content. No doubt other house-walls in New York incline as much—if tests were to reveal them. But what a lot of first class philosophy fails to get written by those who could write it best—the ones that live it.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

A pastor laments that the art of conversation is lost. But there is no diminution in the propensity to gossip. —Baltimore American.

It is mighty hard to make both ends meet when the financial end is short.

Perhaps you have noticed that it is a whole lot easier to break a dollar than to gather up the pieces.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Human nature tends to make man the hero of his own story.

Few of us are charitable when it comes to giving the other fellow the last word.—Pittsburgh Courier.

## More Squeezing!

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By J. H. Cassel



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"HOW L. Gertrude's engagement with the milkman getting on?" asked Mr. Jarr, as that light-running domestic rushed to the window of the front room and hung out in the hopes of being her new fiancé go by.

"The poor girl has been crying this morning," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Didn't you notice her eyes were red?"

Mr. Jarr remarked he had not noticed.

"Gertrude says that when she sent down the milk bottles," called down "How are you, darling?" and she says the milkman answered her coldly."

"It was a cold morning," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Please don't try to be funny," said Mrs. Jarr. "I will have all the trouble with Gertrude moping around smacking dishes because her heart is broken, without your jokes!"

"I don't see how her heart can be broken, when it was a man whom she has never seen, a new man on the route," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"That's just it," said Mrs. Jarr. "The milk company has so many men and they wear caps and coats all alike and are changed about so much that Gertrude thinks the man she called darling to this morning is another new man, and not the new man who proposed to her up the dumbwaiter shaft yesterday. That's why she's been running to the front window all morning. About this time of the day all the wagons of our milk company are going back, after delivering to the milk depots. Gertrude didn't get a look at the man who proposed, but she did get the number of his wagon as she looked out of the front window yesterday when he drove away."

"But if it was another new man, the one who answered her coldly this morning, the second new man may be driving the other new man's wagon," suggested Mr. Jarr. "They may change men on the route, but I don't think they change the wagons or horses often; you see, the horse knows the route and stops where there are customers."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Jarr. "Gertrude is afraid that this WAS another new man this morning, and that he may be a married man, and she wonders what he will think of her in calling him 'darling.'"

"The other new man may be married, too, and a bigamist at heart—the one that proposed to Gertrude, I mean."

"Oh, don't say that! Don't let Gertrude hear you say that!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I will have my hands full with her as it is, but if she thought it was a cruel joke, or if the new milkman was married, she would just have

## Love-Pirates

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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AND now comes a Columbia professor, a lecturer on psycho-analysis, Dr. Deady, who says:

"I cannot see where the State and the Church get their authority to interfere with love!"

"His name has now come into the public prints, because he practices what he preaches. He found his psycho-love-mate in the woman who was married to another. She was the mother of a boy. A divorce followed, and the father of the child, believing the little one to be better off with its mother, left it with her. Now this father appeals to the court for the custody of his child. The doctor's side of the case is not like this:

"There may be something unusual in my mode of living in the eyes of the uninitiated. But in the enlightened circle in which this woman and I travel, we along with our ideas, are accepted as human beings. The lady and I have discarded the sentimental and emotional things of life."

When, oh when, will these world-of-their-own-making people realize the harmful example they set to the so-called "uninitiated?"

And the "uninitiated" means the boy and girl in high school, in college, whose immature minds are impressed, as well as the young east side workers who are struggling to understand right from wrong in the greatest of all elements in the world—love; the element that must deal with the "sentimental and emotional things of life."

This seemingly brave attitude on the part of a professor with a standing in the community is certainly liable to lead the thoughts of young minds, whose convictions are in the process of formation, to one conclusion.

"If he can do it, why can't I?"

THERE lies the danger of such public assertion of personal and generally unaccepted theories. While some persons may say, "Judge not, yet when there is a little child to consider the community must have something to say about it. Perhaps in some years to come, the Church and the State will have no 'authority' to interfere with love." But the time is not now. Marriage laws, divorce laws and all other kinds of laws may or may not be erroneous, yet they exist. We should abide by them—play the game in the camp in which we live or get out of the camp.

As long as there are community interests it remains for the rest of us to see that the rules are observed accordingly. The trouble with this doctor is that he goes on the theory that the law should adapt itself to his opinion rather than that his opinion should adapt itself to the law. Thus far no one has been able to "get away" with that theory. The world, as a general thing, is broad-minded and liberal, and the milk of human kindness still flows. Never in history has the world been so ready to accept the doctrines of this doctor, and have its little children taught accordingly, it is unjust to have the influence of such an example promulgated.

It is the duty of every parent to see that his children do not get impractical conceptions of living. Misery and sorrow usually come from defying the laws of the land, be the laws defective or righteous. After all, he who thinks he is brave in living up to the course of his convictions will find it is much nobler to live up to the courage of conventions, and thus prevent suffering to weaker ones.

## "Horse Sense"

Easy Solutions of Small Troubles

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"WHAT makes this awful smell of paint?" asked Mr. Fidgets.

Before his wife could answer he knew, for his hand stuck fast to the door.

"You should be ashamed to use such language," said Mrs. Fidgets reprovingly as her husband made a few emphatic remarks. "If you had any of the horse sense you are always talking about you wouldn't go sticking your fingers into everything before you knew what it was. The door looked so shabby I asked the janitor to give it a coat of varnish."

"But great Scott! Varnish doesn't smell like that."

"It's the onion," explained Mrs. Fidgets. "I read in the Ladies' Own Paper that if you put half a raw onion in a room with fresh paint it would absorb all the odor."

"It's just like a woman," said Mr. Fidgets peevishly, "not to know that the remedy is worse than the disease."

## Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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HARKEN, my Daughter, for of love there are many imitations, and seven times seven varieties.

And the world is full of Imitators! Of lightweights, and short-measures, and near-silks, and half-pretensions!

"Then HOW, oh, Mother," saith the Damsel, "shall I know the Real Love from the False? How shall I distinguish the genuine from the imitation; that Bluffers may not deceive me, nor Near-Lovers flatter me?"

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Near-Love springeth from the lips, as the gushing brooklet.

But Real Love lurketh in the eyes, as the star's reflection in the silent pool.

The Near-Lover cometh with the sound of trumpets and the tinkling of cymbals. He is full of flatteries and protestations.

But the Real Lover cometh as the dawn, silently and slowly. He taketh his TIME.

The Near-Lover's talk floweth as the fountain, with grace and sparkling, and much splashing over.

But the Real Lover sitteth dumb in thy presence, and twiddeth his thumbs, and shifteth his feet. He can think of nothing to say.

The Near-Lover adorneth thee with pet names. He calleth thee "Girly," and "Cherie," and "Kiddle," and "Cutie," and "Little One."

But the Real Lover calleth thee "MISS Smith," and "Lady." He is filled with awe and humility.

The Near-Lover maketh many "dates," and keepeth only half of them. He is always late, and full of excuses.

But the Real Lover is timid lest he bore thee. He calleth ONCE a week, and arriveth always a half hour too early.

The Near-Lover snatcheth thee without warning and seeketh to kiss thy lips at the first opportunity. He is SO sudden!

The Real Lover kisseth the tips of thy fingers in fear and trembling. He is SO slow!

The Near-Lover taketh thee to showy and expensive places, and talketh poetry and flattery and sentiment.

The Real Lover leadeth thee to quiet restaurants, and talketh yearningly of furnished flats and a "raise in salary."

The Near-Lover holdeth thine hand beneath the table, while he gazeth about the room at the OTHER women and appraiseth them.

But the Real Lover's eyes are glued to thy face. He seeth naught but THEE.

The Near-Lover ordereth the dinner with eclat, and devourerth it with delight. He praiseth the wine, and the cook, and the salad, and the music, and the waiter.

But the Real Lover forgetteth WHICH course he hath eaten, and when the meal is finished he hath but tasted thereof.

The Near-Lover praiseth thy costume, and is flattered that thy beauty "doeth him credit."

But the Real Lover seeth only the Halo above thy head. He fiddlerth with his cuffs and adjusteth his necktie and wondereth if HE "will do."

Verily, verily, Near-Love is as champagne, which goeth to a man's head and filleth him with joy and dizziness.

But Real Love is as RELIGION, which goeth to his heart, and robbeth him of all egotism, all savoir faire, and all vanity!

For, NO man can love both Himself and a Woman at the same time! Selah.

## Things You Should Know.

Blood Pressure.

WAY back about 1850 Harvey, the English surgeon, discovered the true theory of the circulation of the blood.

About a dozen years ago came the true realization of the great importance of determining actual blood pressure in disease, and more accurate instruments were made and are now used.

As we know, the arteries harden as we grow old, but we find in this complex age that the hardening often begins too early and proceeds too fast. Of course we all want to know what to do before it is too late, before the heart is weakened by pumping the blood through the inelastic blood vessels and before the kidneys and liver are exhausted by accumulating in the system when the blood stream is impeded.

The important thing of all to remember is, that obtaining the actual blood pressure reveals symptoms of heart and kidney disorders long before the real disease symptoms come. And long before a disease has begun to be diagnosed will be found a condition known as high blood pressure.

To-day we have instruments that give an exact record of the individual's blood pressure, and any

careful up-to-date physical examination always includes the use of such an instrument.

Blood pressure varies, being normally lower in the young than in the old—in women than in men and in children lowest of all. It differs, too, with the same people at different times. It will be found higher after a brisk walk or a little passing excitement, and if blood pressure is taken at that particular time, it might give rise to unwarranted anxiety and alarm. By rights, it should be taken several times and under various conditions, before the matter is considered decided. Blood pressure that stays persistently below normal is also a danger signal, though for quite a different reason.

Almost all insurance companies nowadays require an examination for blood pressure—some of them for policies over five thousand dollars, or for any person over forty years old. Others require a blood pressure reading on all applicants irrespective of the size of the policy.

The medical examination from an insurance standpoint is in an opposite position from the doctor in his office, as the latter is dealing almost entirely in cases of organs having long before a disease will be found a condition known as high blood pressure.

To-day we have instruments that give an exact record of the individual's blood pressure, and any

when we attend the same social affairs. I would like very much to be friends again, but I hesitate to make the first step. What do you advise?"

I advise you to sit down at once and write a note similar to the one you've written me. There's no reason why you should sacrifice a satisfying friendship to false pride, and the young man obviously will be willing to meet you half way.

"H. T." writes: "Recently I quarreled with the young man who has been paying me attention because he ordered me not to speak to anyone other than his friends. My special friend said that he knew nothing wrong about these other youths, but simply didn't care for them, and told me to choose between him and them. I said I certainly should speak to the others, and since then I have not seen him. What do you advise me to do?"

Nothing. The young man made an unreasonable request and you were justified in refusing it.

"A. Y." writes: "What would be a proper gift for a young man to present to a girl friend on her birthday?"

He may choose between books, candy, flowers and music.

## Thrift

By Samuel Smiles

(A Foundation of Thrift &amp; Brothens)

No. 15—Preparing for Old Age

ONE must prepare in youth and in middle age the means for enjoying old age pleasantly and happily. There can be nothing more distressing than to see an old man who has spent the greater part of his life in well-paid-for labor, reduced to the necessity of begging for bread, and relying entirely upon the commiseration of his neighbors upon the bounty of strangers.

It is in fact, in youth that economy should be practiced, and in old age that men should dispense liberally, provided they do not exceed their

income.

This, however, is not the usual practice. The young man now spends, or desires to spend, quite as liberally, and often much more liberally, than his father, who is about to end his career. He begins life where his father left off. He spends more than his father did at his age, and soon finds himself up to his ears in debt. To satisfy his incessant wants, he resorts to unscrupulous means and to illicit gain. He tries to make money rapidly; he speculates, overtrades, and in speedily wound up. This is the result, not of well-doing, but of ill-doing.